Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

A FIGHT ON A PINNACLE.

An Eagle Attacks a Mountain Sheep and Gets the Worst of It.

A party of hunters in King's river canyon last week saw a struggle between an eagle and a mountain sheep, and the eagle got the worst of it. The sheep escaped with the loss of a small quantity of wool and a few scratches. If a man had escaped from the same position in the same manner he would most likely have considered that a miracle had happened.

The hunters saw the sheep in a place on the rocks that he could not leave. He had come down the mountain side but did not seem able to get up again, and each moment seemed as if he would fall from the ragged rocks to the depth below.

He was about five hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, and the hunters speculated as to the means he would take to get out of his fix.

It was plain he could not jump to the top and there was no visible means of his getting back to the grass-covered hills he had left at the top.

The sheep realized his position and looked in every direction for a means of escape. Not finding one he would jump a little lower until he was on a rocky hillside so steep that his hind legs were on a level with his head. At last he got to a small place where he could not turn around and spent several minutes jumping from one side to the other as if making up his mind to jump to the bottom.

There was only one course left and he sprang to a pinnacle of rock about twenty feet below.

Now he was in a fix. The top of the rock was not more than five or six feet square, and on one side was a wall of rock impossible to ascend without wing and on the other side the cliff went straight down to the valley five hundred feet below.

He was in a position where it seemed as if he would have to commit suicide by jumping or starving to death. The hunters expected every moment to see the sheep dashed to death at the bottom of the cliff, and in hopes of witnessing the plunge refrained from shooting him.

But while they were waiting another actor appeared on the scene and things became interesting.

The new arrival was a large eagle that saw at once the predicament of the sheep. It seemed a good chance to get a meal by beating the sheep from the rock and eating it when it was mangled at the bottom.

The sheep realized its danger and braced itself for the attack.

The eagle circled around faster and faster, and at last dashed itself against the sheep, but not hard enough to knock it off. It made several attempts, and the sheep was getting weak.

As it failed to dislodge the sheep by a front attack, the eagle decided to make one in the rear. The sheep very nearly went over, and the eagle seemed to know that method of proceeding was the better. It repeated the attack very fiercely, but in some manner got its head under the animal's horn and could not get it out again. The sheep, seeing his advantage, held his head back while the eagle clawed furiously and beat the air with its wings.

Soon both rolled from the cliff, but the eagle flapped its wings with a terrible power and the descend was very slow.

The bottom was almost reached when the eagle caught in the branches of a pine tree, and for a moment both hung in the air a few feet above the earth.

But the eagle was quiet, as its neck had been broken.

The sheep seemed very weak for some time, but at last gave a few kicks and fell to the ground, leaving its assailant hanging to the tree.

The eagle was dead, but the sheep, after shaking itself to make sure it was all right, began to nibble the grass at its feet.—San Francisco Call.

Some Curious Punishments.

During the time of Richard I., and by the advice and consent of that monarch, the British parliament promulgated some striking original codes for the maintenance of order in his majesty's fleet. Thus, if any seaman killed another on shipboard he was to be bound face to face with his victim by means of stout thongs "of not less than three-ply," the living and dead bundle to be thrown overboard altogether. Any man who maimed another, the same having been done with malice intent, was ordered to be served in like manner as his victim. One section of this law read as follows: "He who draws bloude from another by willful blow struck, be that blow struck with a weapon or with hee's hand only, must lose the hand with which the wound was inflicted; a hand blow that causes no bloude to flow must be punished by ducking the offender thrice."—Chicago Tribune.

Offenses Against Good Form.

In like fashion, a young woman condemns herself in the eyes of good society who is observed to enter alone with a young man a place for public refreshment, be the restaurant or tea room ever so select. Bred under other conditions of a society so necessarily varying as that in our broad America, a stranger visiting New York, for instance, might readily and innocently make a mistake of this nature, and blush at finding herself condemned for it. In the same category of offenses is ranked that of maidens visiting places of public amusement under the escort of young men alone. Many parts of the south and west allow this to be done with the smiling consent of good society; but in eastern cities it is considered a violation of the code of good form, and for the comfort, if not the convenience, of the girl considering it, had better be ranked among the lost privileges upon which social evolution may look back with fond regret.—Ladies' Home Journal.

To Be, or Not to Be.

The Shakesperian artist had flung four or five of his elocutionary efforts at the miners in Wind-Shake gulch, and they were beginning to be restive. On the fifth round he began:

"'To be, or not to be; that is the question.'"

A grizzly old fellow rose to his feet.

"Well, look here mister," he said, "ef that is the question, I move that you ain't," and with a wild whoop the motion was unanimously carried.—Elmira Telegram.

ROY THE ROYALIST

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Well, these fortifications are nothing to boast of even yet, and we have greatly improved them; nevertheless, with a garrison of European soldiers I should have little fear for the result. But with these half-savage, only half-disciplined Turks and Maugrabins, and heaven knows what besides!" (Here the colonel shrugged his shoulders.) "Much depends on whether Bonaparte has a siege-train. But I confess that I put my trust mainly in your ships and sailors and Bonaparte's bad generalship."

"Bonaparte's bad generalship! I never thought to hear Bonaparte's name and bad generalship mentioned in the same breath."

"Oh, he can plan a campaign and fight a battle—I grant you that. But he is a bad hand at a siege. He is too impetuous, and wants to win with a rush, which when stone walls are concerned is not always possible. And this time he has very good reason to be more impetuous than usual. He is cut off from France, and can obtain neither supplies nor reinforcements. The sea is open to us, and we can obtain both. Acre will not be taken by a coup de main—I can promise him that; and if we hold our own until the arrival of the Turkish troops and fleet which the sultan has promised to send, Bonaparte will be a lost man. My countrymen do not like generals who fail. And now, gentlemen, you will kindly excuse me. I must to my work. Au revoir."

"He is always like that—work, work, work, night and day," said Capt. Miller. "I doubt whether he sleeps three hours in the twenty-four. And he has

A LITTLE SPEECH.

certainly done wonders. You have no idea what a state these walls were in when we came hither the other day. Murat might have ridden through them with his cavalry. Nothing like hatred for making a man energetic."

"You mean that Phelippeaux hates Bonaparte?"

"As the devil hates holy water, and rather more."

"Why?"

"I dare say he would say because he is a royalist and a Christian, and a very good reason too. But in his case I imagine there are other reasons. Bonaparte and Phelippeaux were at college together, and rivals; and people said Phelippeaux was the cleverer of the two and would make more show in the world. Well, he has not, and I dare say that is a sore point."

"I see; he is a disappointed man."

"That's it; also a very able soldier, and a colonel in our army. I believe he would lick Bonaparte on anything like equal terms. But here we are at the divan. Old Djezzar is always in at this time. I am glad you are clever at languages. I am not. I don't know a word of Arabic—they say it is infernally difficult—and only just enough to ask: 'What ship is that?' and tell a French captain that if he does not strike his flag I will blow him out of the water."

Several soldiers and others were about the door of the divan. One of them came toward us and made obeisance to my companion.

"The pasha's dragoman; just the fellow we want. He speaks French like the Gallic cock, and knows even a little English. Is the pasha in, Moses?"

"Yes, sar; sartinly, sar."

"Will you announce us?—Capt. Miller and Commander Roy."

"This way, sar. He seraskier now: alwise gladdersee English officer."

Moses, as Capt. Miller call him (he called himself Mose), took a great weight off my mind. He would be able to give me a lift with the Arabic when I was talking to the pasha.

The divan was a large and lofty hall, with bare walls and a tessellated marble floor—the same room, doubtless, in which the dramatic incident described to me by Sir Sidney had taken place. Here and there the floor was discolored.

"Blood-stains!" whispered Miller, pointing to these portentous spots.

Moses led us to the upper part of the hall, where the man we were come to see was sitting among his cushions, deep in conversation with two of his officers.

Ahmed Djezzar Pasha was as fine an old gentleman as I had seen—tall, straight and well set up, and, except in the whiteness of his heavy mustache and flowing beard, showing few signs of age. His forehead was high and broad, nose straight, mouth well shapen, face square and massive; the eyes were brown, cheeks sunburnt and ruddy, and his strong white teeth showed that he was blessed with a vigorous constitution. His general expression was dignified and masterful—rather that of a soldier than a statesman. In his younger days Djezzar must have been singularly handsome; and I could discern in his refined and intelligent features no trace of the cruelty and craft which people ascribed to him. He wore very wide Levant breeches, a waistcoat and short jacket of fine blue cloth, trimmed with scarlet and adorned with gold and silver buttons, and a rich cashmere turban. In his belt were a pair of horse-pistols and a long dagger; and close at hand lay the ax which he had branished round the head of Soliman.

When the pasha caught sight of us he smiled graciously, beckoned us to him, and shook hands with Miller as with an old friend.

"Tell him," said the captain to Moses, "that I have brought with me Commander Roy, who has just arrived from Alexandria and brings word that the commodore will be here with the remainder of the squadron to-morrow or the next day. Say, too, that Commander Roy speaks both Arabic and French."

On this, Djezzar, whose manner was nothing if not courtly, smiled still more graciously than before, invited Miller and myself to sit near him, and called for coffee and pipes. Then he turned to me and said (so far as I could make out) that he was delighted to know I spoke Arabic, and inquired how long I had been in the east.

Foreseeing that I should sooner or later be put in a corner, and fully conscious of my linguistic weakness, I had composed and committed to memory a little speech. It was to the effect that, having only lately begun to learn Arabic, I knew it very indifferently. Nevertheless, the little I did know made me extremely desirous to know more, and I was studying the language assiduously. As, however, my ear had not become attuned to the music of it, and my vocabulary was limited, I should feel particularly obliged if my interlocutor would give himself the trouble to speak slowly and clearly, in order that I might miss nothing of what he said.

As I reeled off this discourse to the pasha, Miller (who had evidently been sceptical as to my mastery of the "French of the east") stared at me in open-mouthed astonishment. He little knew the pains I had been at to learn it, and that it was the only coherent sentence any length I could utter.

"You speak Arabic very well," said Djezzar, taking my hint to speak slowly. "You must have an excellent master. When you are at a loss for a word, you can say it in French, which I understand passably well."

This was eminently satisfactory. I could get along now; but, being particularly anxious to impress Miller with a due sense of my cleverness at languages, I blundered on in Arabic, though well aware that I was making an awful hash of it. But Djezzar was too polite to laugh. He listened attentively, smiled pleasantly, and even when I was most unintelligible made as if he understood me perfectly.

"Why, you speak Arabic as well as the pasha himself," put in Miller, "and yet you were never in these parts before. Gad! you make me quite envious; and if it were not so infernally difficult I would learn it myself. But, as I cannot join in the conversation, I don't see the use of staying. Besides, I am wanted on board my ship. Say so, and make my excuses."

It is hard work talking in a language of which you know next to nothing; and when Miller was gone I fell back on French, which Djezzar understood much better than I understood Arabic, and spoke fairly. He also spoke Slavonic (his mother tongue), Italian, Syriac, Turkish and lingua franca, knew something of history, and was so far from being a "typical Turk" that he liked to class himself as a European, and was as free from religious prejudice as a Voltairian Frenchman.

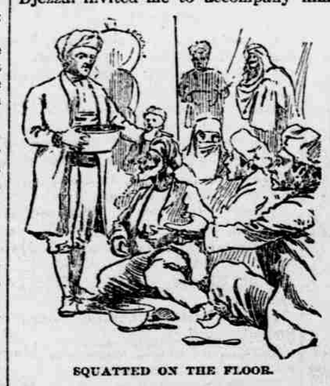
"Jesus Christ is the Mohammed of Christians; Mohammed is the Jesus Christ of Moslems. Voila tout!"

This was his idea of the two religions. In other respects, however, he was a true Oriental—a man of strong passions, a fatalist, fond of adventure, and with a faith in his luck that made him a stranger to fear. The vicissitudes of his life had been more extraordinary than those of a hero of romance. Born of Christian parents, he was made a Mohammedan at fifteen. He had been beggar, cabin-boy, sailor, slave, Mameluke, executioner, or bravo, to an Egyptian bey, then a bey himself, and finally, after long years of strife and intrigue and bloodshed, pasha and seraskier.

We had been talking perhaps half an hour, when one of the attendants whispered something in Djezzar's ear, whereupon the pasha said something in reply that I did not catch, and waved his hand. The next moment the curtain of the door-way was drawn aside, and the queerest crowd I had ever beheld came pell-mell into the hall—the halt, the lame and the blind, of both sexes and all ages, with bare legs and ragged garments—some with hardly any garments at all—and every one carrying a wooden bowl.

"My beggars," said the pasha. "I feed them once a week. This is the day."

The beggars then squatted on the floor, and servants brought them bread and meat and rice, which they either ate on the spot or carried off in their wooden bowls. When the meal was finished, each of them received a coin, and, as they hobbled away, prayed Allah to bless and reward their benefactor. As soon as the mendicants were gone, Djezzar invited me to accompany him



SQUATTED ON THE FLOOR.

to the fortifications; he wanted to see how the work of mounting the guns and strengthening the walls was progressing. As the old man stood up, he looked every inch a man of war, and, with his ax (which he put in his belt), his pistols and his poniard, a formidable one.

Everybody made way for us as we passed through the streets—except the children; they ran after him and greeted him with laughing familiarity. Djezzar appeared to know them all by name, patted them on the head, and gave them sweet stuff and money.

"Good heavens!" I thought, "and yet people can call this man a butcher!"

We went first to the old tower, a bnilding with enormously thick walls, dating from the third year of the Hegira. The guns were being shifted from the sea side of the fortifications (where they would be of no use) to the land side; and Colonel Phelippeaux, who was directing the operation, explained to the pasha what he had done and what still required to be done, the pasha on his part making suggestions which showed that, though he might not be a scientific engineer, he was at any rate a shrewd and observant soldier.

By the time the conversation and the inspection were over it was getting dark, and I hinted a desire to return to my ship, on which Djezzar said he would accompany me to the water gate, where I should have to take boat.

We had not gone far when a man, whose head and face were enveloped in a burnous, glided furtively past us, as if he wanted to escape observation. Djezzar, who missed nothing, saw this, and called to him (in Arabic) to stop. The man obeyed. Whereupon Djezzar asked him who he was, and then another question, the answer to which was hardly out of his mouth when the pasha seized him by the throat with one hand and with the other stabbed him in the heart.

It was done so suddenly that the victim had not time to utter a cry, and only when I saw him roll on the pavement did I realize what had happened.

Just then some Albanian soldiers came up.

"Take it away," said Djezzar, pointing to the body.—"Shall we go on, Capt. Roy? You seem surprised."

"More than surprised. I am stupefied."

"That man was one of Bonaparte's spies."

"You knew him, then?"

"I never saw him before."

"How, then—"

"You mean how did I arrive at the conclusion that he was a spy? Well, his movements were suspicious, his answers unsatisfactory, and his eye quailed before mine."

"And so you killed him."

"It was written that I should kill him. The cast is not the west, my son, and its ways are not our ways. Fifty-eight years ago I was so poor and found life so hard that I sold myself to a Jew slave dealer, and was brought by him to Egypt and sold to Ali Bey. Now I am pasha of Syria, with the power of life and death over all the sultan's subjects in these lands. I do what seemeth right in my own eyes, and no man dare say me nay. Why? Because I have never spared an enemy and always destroy those who cross my path or whom I suspect of treachery or disaffection. If I waited for proofs before I punished, as you do in Europe, I should not be pasha of Syria until the next full moon. The only way to insure respect and obe-

STABBED HIM TO THE HEART.

dience is to show that you are not afraid to kill. And what matter a few lives? We must all die, and for every one that perishes two are born."

As I could not express approval of Djezzar's moral code or of his political principles, and as it would have been inexpedient to gainsay him, I changed the subject, and we presently reached the water gate.

"Come and see me again," he said, as we shook hands. "If you can be at the seraglio by sunrise we will have a ride round the ramparts. You are young and I like the young. You look me in the face with fearless eyes. Yes, I like you, Roy; Djezzar is your friend."

And then we parted, and he was speedily lost to view. I could not help wondering how, in a city swarming with spies and where his peculiar system of government must have made him many enemies, he dared to walk about at night without escort, or, rather because the man was obviously of a fearless nature, how he could do so without receiving the same measure he had dealt out so freely to others. But I was in the east; and, as Djezzar himself had just said, the ways of the east are not the ways of the west.

CHAPTER XII.

Three days later the leading columns of Bonaparte's army reached the foot of Carmel, where they were attacked by the Tiger's boats and forced to pass to the north side of the mountain, instead of continuing their march by the shore. Shortly afterwards, moreover, the Tiger captured seven gunboats which were bringing from Jaffa the battering-train of artillery, ammunition and other supplies destined for the siege of Acre. They were used for the defense of Acre. So were the gun-boats.

Meanwhile, Sir Sidney Smith (who arrived at Acre the day before the French arrived at Mount Carmel) had ordered me to leave the Kangaroo in charge of my first officer and come on shore with half of my ship's company, the other half being quite equal to working her guns. This order I received with pleasure and obeyed with alacrity, for it was evident that the post of danger was inside the town and the hottest fighting would fall to the lot of those who manned the ramparts.

I had also to act as aide to the seraskier, at his own request.

"He has taken a great fancy to you," said Sir Sidney; "and, as he has few subordinates who are good for anything, and you speak Arabic so admirably—"

"No, not admirably by any means, commodore; very indifferently."

"Djezzar says you speak it admirably; so does Miller. I like young men to be modest, but it is not always well to hide your light under a bushel. As I was saying, you will be very useful. You will take the pasha's orders, of course, and he, on his part, will be guided by me and the colonel. Try to keep him and his people up to the mark. They are brave enough, I dare say, but, like all Orientals, they lack energy and order, trust too much in destiny and Providence and all that nonsense. Your principal duty will be to repel boarders—assaults, I mean, and take part in sallies. Do all you can to protect prisoners and the wounded. You know, I suppose, that the Turks make a practice of refusing quarter and decapitating their prisoners. The pasha is rightly called Ahmed the Butcher. But we must just make the best of him. He is as necessary to us as we are to him, and 'pon my soul I don't think he is half as bloodthirsty as that villain Bonaparte."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hopeless.

"Cheer up, old boy. A woman's 'No' is not always final."

"It is this time, I guess. She even went to the trouble of registering the letter."—Indianapolis Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

—No matter where we walk we are sure to be followed by somebody.—Ram's Horn.

—It is hard to convince a man when the baby cries at night that it isn't doing it on purpose.—Atchison Globe.

—A young man never thoroughly appreciates his own insignificance until he attends his own wedding.—Puck.

—The girls can not resist the impression that there is something engaging about the marriage proposal.—Binghamton Leader.

—"You seem to have a poor view of human nature." "My friend, you should remember that I mix a great deal among politicians."—N. Y. Press.

—A Distinction.—Mr. Saphead—"So delighted to meet you, Miss Candid. Alone and lonely?" Miss Candid (icily)—"Merely alone."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

—"Hello, Stranders, still suffering from insomnia?" Stranders—"No; I found the confounded trouble was killing me and so I joined the police force."—Inter-Ocean.

—"How many kinds of seals are there?" asked Penelope. "Well," said papa, "there is one kind that is found on a sheet of paper and another that lives on a sheet of ice."—Harper's Young People.

—Just the Place for Her.—Miss Elder—"I do so love to attend a masquerade ball." Miss Flypp—"I don't wonder at that. Your style of beauty would show off to the best advantage there."—Detroit Free Press.

—"I understand that there is a movement on foot to start a crusade against the practice of keeping houses too warm." "Who's at the bottom of it?" "A fellow who owns a lot of steam-heated flats."—Buffalo Express.

—We do not often hear of a better turned compliment than the following from the Paris Gaulois: Wife—"See, my dear, I am actually beginning to get wrinkles." Husband—"Nonsense, my love! Those are not wrinkles, but smiles which have become petrified, so to speak."

—The Lucky Man.—Courtleigh—"See here, Marigold, you don't keep your word. When we were both after Miss Gotrox it was agreed between us that the lucky man should pay the other $10,000." Marigold—"Well?" Courtleigh—"Well, you married her." Marigold—"Exactly. But upon consideration I think you owe me the ten thousand."—N. Y. Herald.

—Judge (to the Defendant)—"You confess, then, that you called the plaintiff a cow?" Defendant—"Yes, I do." Judge (to the Plaintiff)—"Well, what damages do you want?" Plaintiff—"I want fifty dollars reparation of character." Judge—"That is rather a big sum for such an offense." Plaintiff (a drover)—"But, your honor, please take into consideration the present price of cattle, if you please."—Omaha Mercury.

—A Lost Letter.—Little Emery, three years old, has just discovered the letter A and finds it in displayed newspaper advertisements, on bill-boards and in many other places, much to his surprise. But the other day he found one in the most out-of-the-way place, and this time surprised his hearers by pointing to an M and saying: "There's an A in there and it can't get out." He referred to one-half of the M, which, although minus the cross-bar, looked like A to him.

NOT SO GREAT AFTER ALL.

The Small Boy Was Grievously Disappointed in Governor Flower.

A child's conception of human greatness is often very curious. The standard by which children gauge fame would sometime cause us to smile were their thoughts only voiced. Mark Twain humorously tells of the disappointment of Tom Sawyer in a certain judge, who was "not as tall as a steeple and who had a voice just like any other man."

An amusing story is told at the expense of Gov. Flower. The governor it a great man, and, like great men in general, likes children. A Watertown friend of the governor's has a little boy, about five years of age, who has had a great longing to meet his excellency. He had heard a great deal about governors in general and Gov. Flower in particular, and no one knows what extravagant notions he had got into his head concerning him. This summer the little fellow was gratified in his great desire and with his father one day called on the chief executive of this state. After a few commonplace remarks had been passed the father said: "Governor, I have a little boy who has always had a great desire to meet you." Then, calling the little fellow over to him, he said: "Willie, this is Gov. Flower, whom you have heard so much about. Won't you shake hands with him?"

Willie sized the governor up, then looked suspiciously at his father.

"Are you a really true governor?" he finally asked.

"Yes, my little fellow," said the one addressed, with his best Sunday smile, "I am governor of the state of New York."

The boy eyed him critically from head to foot. Then he blurted out:

"Umph! And you ain't much of a governor either, are you?"

A story fully equalling this is told about Gen. Grant. We believe this anecdote to be entirely new. The general, who was also very fond of children, was introduced to a little tot of four years. The little girl gazed at the great general with wonderment. Almost incredulous that such an honor was her's, she asked:

"Are you the Gen. Grant that fought in the battles?"

"Yes, I was in a good many batties," said Grant, much amused.

Another long and wondering gaze and then came the modest request:

Let's hear you holler!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Clock Was All Right.

She had looked at the clock several times and he had observed her glances.

"You were looking at the clock!" he said.

"Yes," she answered with a faint smile.

Then he arose and went over to the mantel and looked at the timepiece for full half a minute.

"I don't see anything the matter with it," he said as he returned to his seat. And he stayed an hour longer.—N. Y. Press.

Believed in Heredity.

Weery—That baby over the way seems to inherit its voice from both parents.

Cherry—How so?

Weery—Well, it makes a great noise, like its father, and keeps it up all the time like its mother!—Puck

TAX REFORM DEPARTMENT.

"Common Hard Sense and No Theories."

[Written Specially for TAX REFORM.]

This is what business men and plain people want. The cautious man turns upon the proposals of the Reformer the same cold light of commercial interest which he uses in buying and selling.

If the plan, however plausible, seems revolutionary, impracticable, experimental, or in other ways fails to stand this test, he promptly rejects it.

It is to this intuitive sense that the advocate of the straight tax on land values appeals. From this point of view the taxation of personal property is universally condemned as applied to any one's own case. Like a boil or an income tax it is considered wholesome, only when borne by some one else. Conservative economists have exhausted the dictionary in denouncing the "injustice," "futility," "injury," "demoralization" and oppression" of the general property tax.*

It is enough to say here that to attempt to collect such a tax is commercial suicide and economic idiocy.

The progressive income tax is a beautiful theory, and might do nicely if it could be fairly collected and did not require particulars of a man's private affairs, which only his wife should ask, and which only the Lord could answer. However attractive or possible such a tax may seem to those who would themselves be exempt, the American people will have none of it.

Taxes being merely the expense of running the government concern as excises as taxes will hardly commend to business common sense. Suppose your manager were to state in his report that the part of the gross receipts used up for expense was estimated at forty per cent.; that it was uncertain when, how, or in what proportion this expense was borne, or how much would go for collecting it, or whether it might not be doubled or halved by a change of system which was intended not to affect taxes, but to help morals; that it was even a disputed point, whether this concern paid it at all. Would not a business man say "That is too complicated; I must know just what, when, and how much I pay and what I pay it for. As moral agents, or as punishments, excises may do, but as taxes they are a dead failure.

Well, if you are so precise, says our manager, we can fix it this way; every one who puts up a machine, who furnishes work, or makes food and clothing cheaper, or works hard or saves, shall pay a fine and if any county does not give up enough, we will have a Board of Equalization to add to its share. If any one has a fine horse or smokes nice tobacco or wears pretty dresses, tax him or her. If people have luxuries or comforts make them pay for them—pay for them twice, I mean—then they won't have so many luxuries or pleasures, and we will all be much richer and meaner and idler than we are now, and—

Does that look like sound business? You say you would kick him out.

Now our business plan is this: Don't upset anything; but don't tax anything that can run away or be hidden or discouraged by the tax.

Whoever has any special privilege over others, let him pay the value of it to the rest, whether it is franchise or license.

Tax what lies out of doors; what everybody knows what it is worth; even the farmer knows that his part is worth next to nothing compared to city real estate.

Well! if that seems like good sense, a smart man would look to see what sort of men advocated this plan; he would find out in whose interest it is, he would read and fully inform himself about the tax on real estate alone.

BOLTON HALL.

*See General Property Tax, by Prof. E. R. A. Seligman (Ginn & Co.), for a scientific account of this tax, and "Who Pays Your Taxes," published by the New York Tax Reform Association (Putnam's) for a popular one.

The Income Taxers.

Hon. Scott Wike, who represents the Twelfth Illinois Congress district, is one of those democrats who agree with the alliance economists in regarding a graduated tax on incomes as a great financial, social, and moral panacea. Hon. Scott Wike counts that day lost in which he hasn't introduced into the house of representatives a bill for a graduated income tax, and the abolition of plutocracy and poverty thereby. Since the election he has returned to his old love, his favorite thought, the final expression of his political creed. He was at Washington and at once demanded attention to his bill, introduced in the last session, for a graduated income tax upon incomes exceeding a congressman's salary of $5,000 a year.

"Under the tax I would levy," said glowing Mr. Wike, "there would be no multi-millionaires in the country. I would raise the levy so high on large incomes that it would practically be impossible for a man to acquire more than a million dollars' worth of wealth at the outside."

It would be useless to point to an upper-air thinker like Mr. Wike that the income tax is an odious and inequitable form of taxation that has been tried in this country and found wanting. It may be refreshing, however, to all the tempest-tossed on the seas of political economy to know that a pilot like Wike is at their disposal. Wike proposes to make the country prosperous by taxing prosperity, and to raise a revenue from wealth by discouraging or prohibiting the production of wealth. And if wealth or the income arising from a man's inheritance or earnings, his skill his shrewdness, his superior talent or good fortune is to be regarded as an evil to be checked, where shall the line be drawn between a modest competency exempt from the income tax and indecent plutocracy to be taxed and bled unmercifully? Clearly the $5,000 a year rule could not be accepted. Plutocrat-hunting congressmen must show their sincerity by coming within the rule and offering their income for amputation.

A Desperate Effort to Collect Personal Taxes.

BERLIN, Nov. 29.—The municipal authorities of Falkenstein, in Voigtland, finding difficulty in collecting taxes, resorted to the novel measure of posting in every tavern in the town a list of the names of the citizens who were in default for taxes, and notified the proprietors of the taverns that the serving of refreshments to any of the delinquents would result in a fine of one hundred marks or one week's imprisonment for the tavern-keepers are busy making themselves acquainted with the appearance of the men on the list, and refuse refreshments to all who are unknown.—N. Y Sun, November 23.

Taxing Mortgages.

One result anticipated by well-informed persons, though seemingly not expected by legislators, of recent laws in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, in regard to taxing mortgages, is the investment in other ways, notably in city, county, school and high-grade corporation bonds, of money heretofore loaned on farm and city real estate in the states named. Municipal bonds are being taken in large amounts of Chicago bankers, and these are left in safety deposit vaults as a special deposit, thus escaping all publicity concerning a person's investments and avoiding taxation. Saint and sinner alike will avoid taxation if possible. The facilities now afforded for making such investments render them quite popular with those who have been in a habit of loaning their money on real estate mortgages in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. The rate of interest is kept up in consequence, and non-residents step in and take the loans. In New York, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, where the total amount of land loans is large, many years' experience has taught the lesson that it is impossible to reach for taxation more than a small fraction of the bonds and mortgages held by investors, and so the laws are more liberal. While the ideal tax is levied equally upon all forms of property, yet some states, like those last named, do not try to tax securities the same as other property for the simple reason that they have found it impossible to do so. The result is that in New York real estate loans are made at a rate of interest as low as 4 per cent. The relief borrowers get in a low rate of interest more than makes good the exemption of this class of property from taxation.—Jackson (Mich.) Patriot.

Say Seven and a Half Millions an Acre.

An important transfer in realty was made November 17 between the Continental Fire Insurance Company and the American Surety Company. The property consists of 100, 102, 104 Broadway and 1 Pine street, the price paid being $1,040,000. The area 5,893 square feet. This would make the price per square foot $176.43.

THE Detroit Tribune shows how the Michigan legislature blundered in taxing mortgages.

Here is a state of things that economists would do well to reflect upon. Under pretense of avoiding double taxation, the legislature passed the mortgage tax law. It is not at all certain that the provisions of the law will be effective in relieving the mortgagor of taxation upon that portion of the assessed value of his property which is covered by the amount of the mortgage, but it is certain that loanable capital has been contracted, and that the borrowers upon mortgage security must pay higher rates of interest. In view of these circumstances, it is not surprising, that home capital must seek investment elsewhere, nor that it should flow to Illinois, where no enormous burdens are laid upon either borrower or lender. But it is a strange commentary on legislative wisdom, that Michigan, by a foolish law, should drive her own capital out of the state for investment. No greater legislative blunder was ever incorporated in our statutes than the present law taxing mortgages.

FOOLED BY A SPY.

Gen. Grant Outwitted by a Clever Confederate.

"I came very near being hanged for a spy during the civil war," said Capt. T. C. LaMotte at the Southern hotel. "I was on the losing side during the war, and was frequently detailed for special duty. I got into Grant's camp shortly before the battle of Shiloh, acquired the information I was in quest of and was ready to return, when the hero of Fort Donelson ordered me brought before him. I was personating a deaf-mute beggar and had given my place of residence at Cincinnati.

"As I entered the general's tent in charge of a sergeant he removed his cigar and looked me over critically. His gray eyes seemed to look me through and through. Then he turned to his adjutant and said: 'That fellow is a spy. Have him searched and imprisoned.' As he spoke the sergeant fired a pistol directly back of my head. My nerves were well braced and I never flinched. The general stroked his stubby beard and I could see that his conviction that I was a spy was shaken. He took up a pad of paper, wrote on it rapidly a dozen questions about the city of Cincinnati and its leading people and handed it to me. I had spent three years in that city and my answers were prompt and correct. 'Put him in the guard-house and report to me,' said Grant, and the order was carried out.

"That night, when I was sleeping heavily, the sergeant entered the guard-house and fired a pistol near my head. It awakened me, but I had presence of mind enough not to open my eyes or stir. Then he shook me roughly and told me the house was on fire. I merely sat up and stared at him vacantly. 'Quick! quick! where are your clothes?' he asked. I fumbled about and handed him my slate and pencil. He left me, and the next morning I got permission to leave the camp. I had fooled U. S. Grant, but he made a mighty close call for my scalp."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Wife—I shall need ten dollars, today. Husband—Good gracious, I gave you ten dollars yesterday, ten dollars the day before, and ten dollars the day before that. Wife—I need ten dollars or I would not ask for it. I wish to get a new dress. Husband—Oh! well, you need another dress, that's a fact. Here's the money. Can you get a dress for ten dollars? Wife—No; but this ten and the other three make forty. Good-by, dear.

—Oscar Wilde has a wonderfully good memory when other people's jokes are concerned. One day when Whistler made one of his excruciatingly funny remarks Oscar murmured: "Oh! how good! I wish I had said that." And Whistler replied, "You will, Oscar! You will!"

—"Papa, why does the legislature meet this year?" "To make laws, my son." "New laws?" "Yes, some of them." "Are the old ones worn out?" "No." "Do people mind all the old laws?" "I am afraid they don't." "Then what do you want to make new ones for?"

—Consoling Information.—Mr. Fussman—What did your sister say about the diamond ring I gave her? Tommy—She thaid she guethed you'd want it back when she got married to Mithter. Workhardt, but you'd have a little time getting it.—Jeweler's Weekly.